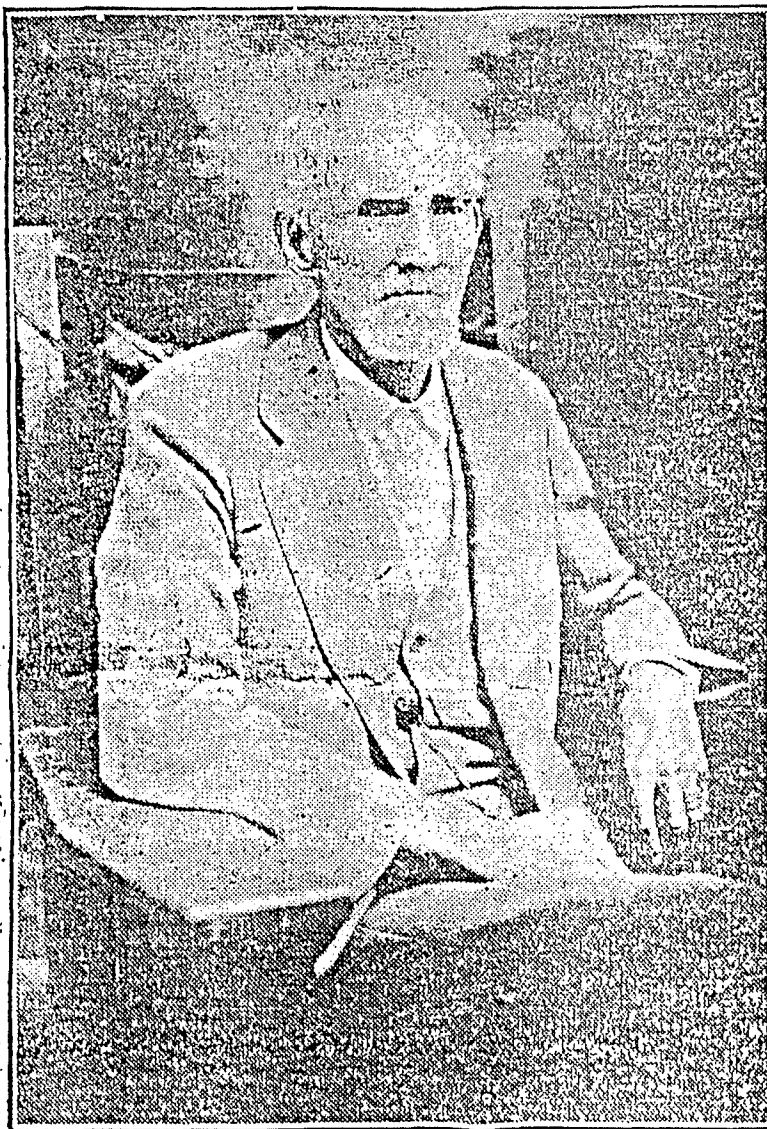


esting phases of the past his- tory of Texas and Alabama. Mr. Abernathy is justly

ed by those who were with us. Sherman title they had with us. Sherman Appomattox? was exactly right when he laid

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S. J. S. (UNCLE JOE) ABERNATHY, WHO CELEBRATED HIS 87TH BIRTHDAY APRIL 16



"Uncle Joe" was a former proud of his four-year record as citizen of Chambers county, a Confederate soldier. He was having moved to Texas many present at Lee's surrender to years ago. He has many friends Grant at Appomattox Court and relatives in Chambers House, April 9, 1865, and was county, who will be glad to with Field's Division, Long-street's Corps. His story of the

Palo Pinto, Texas.,
June 15th, 1910.

Editor LaFayette SUN.

As my time of subscription for "THE SUN" has about expired, I will write you a few lines.

At the request of my dear relatives and a number of my old friends in Chambers, Randolph and Clay counties, I will try to write a sketch of my trip from Texas to the Ex-confederate Reunion at Mobile and to the homes of friends and relatives. I boarded the train at Mineral Wells, Texas, April 24th, 7 a. m., and arrived at Mobile, Ala., April 25th, 4 p. m., where I met several old veterans, friends and comrades from Chambers and Randolph counties and had a fine

times there, although my visit was saddened by the receipt of news a few days before I left home of the death of a dear sister, Mrs. Margaret I. Hunter, leaving eight devoted children, four sons and four daughters, three brothers and three sisters and many other relatives to mourn her departure. And the next day after reaching Mobile, I was again saddened by the news that another worthy and devoted sister, Mrs. E. N. Hammond had departed from this world. She left a devoted husband H. W. Hammond, and five children besides many other relatives and friends, who will long remember her and mourn her departure.

The children of both families together with my estimable brother, H. W. Hammonds, did all that loving hands could do. But the good Lord called for them and they were ready and willing to go and both died as they had lived, devoted Christians, whom none knew, but to love and praise.

Surely we should not mourn for them knowing the Lord is good and makes no mistakes.

Now, Brother Hiram and dear nieces and nephews be reconciled to His will. It will not be long till you meet your dear companion and mother above.

On the night of April 27th, I met brother D. H. B. Abernathy at Mobile and went on up to LaFayette, Buffalo and Roanoke, where we met my oldest brother, J. W. T. Abernathy, all my other relatives and many friends. This was a delightful visit to me.

After a few day's visit with them, my two brothers and myself boarded the train at Buffalo and went to Lineville, Ala., where we visited our oldest sister Mrs. Mary E. Lacy. The writer had not met her before in

almost 30 years. She was born in S. C., August 23rd, 1823, making her almost 87 years old. But considering her age, she is stout and her mind and memory is as good as many are at 50 or 60 years.

We have a sister living in Aitona, Ala. She is 66 years old, the youngest child. She has been quite feeble for a number of years.

D. H. will soon be 72. J. W. T. will be 77 in Aug. and the writer is 70 years old.

All three of us were in the war, the same Co. D. H. B. was severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness and carries an empty sleeve to this day as a memento of that occasion. The writer was slightly wounded in the hip, May 6th, 1864.

J. W. T. was in the battle at Cold Harbor, June 3rd, 1874.

Gen. Grant massed his forces and after the battle Gen. Laws said every man in his Brigade killed or averaged 10 dead yankees apiece. Now, Mr. Editor, I know that is a whole lot of dead yankees, but we will go to the history and see if it is correct.

I think that is the time Gen. Grant said he would fight it out on that line if it took all summer.

If I am not mistaken, W. F. Abernathy and Lieut. J. A. Frazer were in this terrible battle.

Well, we enjoy meeting together and talking over those old times. It brings up many amusing and pleasant memories as well as the memories of suffering and blood shed.

Now, Mr. Editor if you are not worried too much with this scattering letter, I will say a little about Texas.

We are having fine rains here and plenty of fruit and vegetables with prospects for a good

corn crop. The cotton crop is rather late, but is growing fine. The wheat and oat crop was rather short on account of a dry fall and tolerably dry winter. We are now having roasting ears peas, beans, etc., and later on we expect to have plenty fried chicken, "hog and hominy."

We feel that we have many things to be thankful for including reasonable good health etc.

Will say to all my dear relatives and good kind friends in old Ala., if you ever come to Palo Pinto, Texas, come around to our plain humble home and you will be welcome, for the latch string hangs out side. Right here, let me remark "THE SUN" is one of the best all around, clean, weekly published in Ala. May it continue to shine.

I remain, as ever,

S. J. S. Abernathy,
Palo Pinto, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Abernathy and children, of New Orleans, who were called here to attend the funeral of the former's mother, returned home to-day.

Mrs. Slay, an aged and much respected lady, died Saturday night, and was buried at Mt. Hickory Sunday afternoon. We extend sympathy to the sorrowing relatives in their sad bereavement.

Card of Thanks.

We take this method of thanking our kind neighbors and friends for their many kinds deeds shown us during the last illness and death of our dear wife and grandmother. May God bless and reward each and every one of you, is the prayer of.

J. W. T. Abernathy and S. M. Abernathy and family.

Mr. Abernathy Writes From
Texas.

Palo Pinto, Texas,
July 14, 1909.

Editor of LaFayette SUN:

As I am behind with you for subscription to our favorite paper, and knowing full well that we cannot afford to do without reading it every week, and besides, I have been requested by some dear beloved relatives to write a short sketch of my late

trip to Eureka Springs, Ark., Hill Top Ark., Re-union of the Confederates at Memphis, Tenn. and to Altoona, Ala.

I boarded the train at Mineral Wells, Texas, June 1st, for Eureka Springs, Ark. Arrived there June 2nd at 2 o'clock, p. m. Eureka is the cleanest and most up-to-date health resort in the United States, except Mineral Wells, Texas, for Mineral Wells comes first on the map in my opinion all the time.

On the 3rd of June I arrived at the home of my son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ragsdale, at Hill Top, Boone county, Ark. I had not met them and their family for 7 years. Their occupation is raising apples, peaches, berries and honey, only farming a little.

All of North Arkansas is a fine country for farming. It is healthy, good water, fine climate, good people, and that portion of Arkansas will grow all kinds of fruit, clover, such as Orchard Timothy, etc., wheat, oats and corn. The valleys will produce from 40 to 65 bushels of corn per acre. Fresh mountain land will produce from 20 to 25 bushels of corn per acre, and wheat and oats 15, but all kinds of grasses and clover will produce as much on the mountain as the land.

(But right here, Mr. Editor, I desire to say that Texas is still ahead.)

I visited the re-union at Memphis June 8th, 9th and 10th. I think it was one of the best I have ever attended. In fact,

respecting the parade in my opinion was as fine as I ever witnessed. I met my brother, D. H. B. Abernathy, of Buffalo, Ala., whom I had not seen since the re-union at Dallas, Texas, 7 years ago. We sure had a fine, genuine and most enjoyable time while together, taking in the re-union and talking over days gone by.

After spending such a pleasant time at the re-union, myself and brother went together to Altoona, Ala., to visit our youngest and most devoted sister and brother, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dorman. We had not seen them before in 32 years. We had a pleasant and most delightful time at their pleasant home, and while there we had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of their kind friends, as nice and clever people as we ever met, and right here let me remark, I live in grand old Texas and I am satisfied in every respect, but old Alabama is all right.

My best regards to all my connections and old friends in Chambers county, and may THE SUN always shine over them, is the wish of your friend,

S. J. S. ABERNATHY.

Death of Mr. J. W. T. Abernathy.

Mr. Jas. W. T. Abernathy died at the home of his son, Mr. R. F. Abernathy, near Cusseta, last Monday. On Tuesday afternoon the remains were carried to the home of Messrs. W. D. and Lee Hunter, at Buffalo, relatives of the deceased, and the burial took place at 11:00 o'clock this morning at Macedonia, of which

ful member. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. T. Satterwhite in the presence of a large congregation of relatives and friends.

Mr. Abernathy was one of the oldest citizens of the county, being in his 84th year. He leaves three sons: Mr. R. F. Abernathy, with whom he was living at the time of his death; Mr. S. M. Abernathy of Dothan, Ala., and Mr. Andrew W. Abernathy of New Orleans, La., two brothers; Mr. D. H. B. Abernathy of this county, and Mr. S. J. S. Abernathy of Palo Pinto, Texas. Also one sister: Mrs. Addie Dorman of Altoona, Ala. The deceased was a Confederate veteran, having served in Company I, 87th Alabama regiment.

In Memoriam.

My dear and aged old uncle, J. W. T. Abernathy, was born Aug. 23, 1833, and died March 27, 1917, being nearly 84 years of age. He joined the church at Macedonia in 1852, and he and the dear, good woman whom he was married to afterwards were baptized together. He was married to Francis J. Creed in 1853, and to them were born six children, one dying in infancy; two have died since, leaving families, and three still survive him, with two aged brothers, D. H. B. Abernathy, of this county, and S. J. S. Abernathy, of Palo Pinto, Texas; one sister, at Altoona, Ala. He was a deacon of his church nearly all the time of his long church life. He served as a faithful soldier in the civil war and surrendered with Gen. Lee at Appomattox, with a clean, brave record, having gone thru all the battles without a scratch. He was a member of the 47th Alabama Reg., with two brothers and two nephews. His dear wife preceded him to the grave

nearly seven years and since then he has had no desire to live; has seemed to wish at all times to follow her; no desire to stay here on earth. For I can say as our esteemed brother said at his funeral: "I never saw a union that was as near one as theirs." How devoted and faithful to one another. 'Tis no wonder that life lost its charms for him when her gentle spirit was called away. How often has he said to me: "Ina, she is quiet, like one asleep at rest, and how I long for that quiet, restful sleep," and so often has he spoken of the spot where her body was laid, and the place by her side left for him being the dearest spot on earth to him. He was a great reader of God's holy word and his memory of this was a remarkable feature of his life. His mind was ever on the scripture and always the topic of his conversation; he was a strong believer in salvation by grace. How thankful we are for his life and examples, though how inferior we are to them. His earthly pilgrimage was useful, for he was industrious. I was intimately associated with him and as long as he was able he was never idle. Although nearly blind when 82 years old, he lived at my father's 12 months and his employment was making ax handles. He would feel his way to the shop and then work till he was tired down, but when it was said to him, "Sit down and rest," he said, "No, when I am gone you cannot say I rusted out." Like Bro. Satterwhite said at his funeral, "He had his faults." And when a few of them were mentioned at the service I felt like it was in accordance to his belief, for I have heard him say he did not believe in preaching a funeral and placing the deceased in heaven without a fault.

And, in every relation of life he was governed by high principles and sought to do his full duty. He leaves to children and grandchildren the heritage of a good name, which is more precious than riches. The sincere prayer of the writer is that they may follow in his steps and after life is ended each one may find that rest into which he has already entered.
Old Pastor.

Wells, Texas:

"Uncle Joe" Abernathy is quietly observing his eighty-seventh birthday today, April 16, at his home in Palo Pinto, and receiving congratulations and good wishes of his host of friends and relatives in his usual good humored way.

S. J. S. Abernathy was born April 16, 1840, in Alabama, and came to Texas in 1881, settling in Palo Pinto county, where he has resided since. For several years he devoted his time to farming and cattle raising. In 1887 he purchased the Taylor Hotel in Palo Pinto and operated it for twenty-two years.

"Uncle Joe," as he is familiarly known to his wide circle of friends, has lived an exemplary life, ever taking a philosophic view of things and now, as he sits with his face toward the setting sun, he looks back without many regrets and forward with brightening hope. He served two terms as county commissioner of Palo Pinto county, a four-year term of service to his friends which he now regards with pride.

"Uncle Joe" has a well-developed sense of humor, a cheerful attitude towards life and a forgiving spirit towards mankind. When making the race for commissioner, his opponent invaded his home town and made the argument that if the people would elect him, they would have an official to be proud of. When this was told to "Uncle Joe" he chuckled over it and replied: "Well, if you folks elect me, you may not be proud of me, but you will have a commissioner who will show be proud of you," and he was elected.

The burden of years resting upon him, while they have whitened his hair, wrinkled his cheeks and to some extent weakened his stalwart form, has not affected his mentality. He remarked to an Index representative recently that his memory today was a great pleasure and comfort to him; that he could repeat from memory the names and years in which they served, of every president and vice-president of the United States; names the books of the Bible, both old and

was accompanied by a rumor that the terms were for all officers to be imprisoned and all privates paroled and many of the officers started in right away cutting all the insignia of rank from their faded uniforms. My company had been on the March from Richmond for seven days prior to this, getting not more than two hours rest at a time and almost without food, being fortunate enough to capture a caboose loaded with bacon and crackers and ammunition at Dunlap Station, and that bacon and crackers sure tasted good to us. By some sort of mishap the ammunition exploded, but fortunately no one was hurt. On that fateful Sunday afternoon, though I was so hungry and so tired that I would actually doze off to sleep walking along. An officer from Grant's staff arrived that afternoon and told us that we would be paroled and allowed to go home. The Sixteenth Michigan Regiment marched up and formed a hollow square and company by company we marched into this hollow square and stacked our arms. This took place about 2 miles from Appomattox Court House at three o'clock in the afternoon and tired and hungry we Johnnies were soon mixing with the Yanks where we got food and fine treatment.

On the following Wednesday, April 12th, we received our paroles and I found myself free and afoot to trudge back to my Alabama home about 12 hundred miles away. There were about twenty-five other Alabamians with me and we started out, stopping at Danville, Va., where we got some rations. At Charlotte, N. C., we were advised by General Breckenridge and President Jefferson Davis to wait until the railroad was repaired. We waited a few days and left Charlotte by train to Columbus, S. C. At Columbus I met up with some relatives by the name of Hunter with whom I spent two days and then went by train to Abbeville, S. C., where I spent a day and night with some other of my kinsmen by the same name. Went from there to Washington, Ga., and after leaving that place I struck the places where Sherman's army

the length of the war to the sacrifice, the enthusiasm and

ism of Southern womanhood. I finally reached Atlanta, Ga., and rode from there to West Point, Ga., just seventeen miles from my home over in Alabama. I arrived home at about ten o'clock at night on April 25. Father and mother were in bed. I passed along the well-known cabins, some of the negroes were still up. I hollered at 'em and they recognized my voice and shouted to each other, "Dar's Joe dun cum home." My old black mammy, Aunt Clarissey, beat me to the house, woke mother up, told her I was home and then beat mother to the door and hugged me before mother could get to me.

I got home with plenty of Confederate money, but after the surrender it was worth only the cherished, though bitter memories clinging around it. Father's slaves were all freed, but orders had come from Washington or from some source for them to stay where they were until the end of the year and all of father's stayed and worked the plantation the balance of that year and helped out wonderfully. I rested up for a few days and then I went to work with the negroes on the farm for my victuals and clothes. There was no work or money to pay for it anywhere at that time. The next year I worked on the farm with my father making a crop on halves and finally readjusted myself to the changed conditions and watched the whole Southland do the same thing.

And say, do you know I don't believe I've fired a gun a dozen times since I stacked my arms along with those of my